

OUR HOME GIRL.

OVER THE RIVER.

Brothers, shall we meet in Heaven,
When this eventful life is o'er;
When through pain and care and trouble,
Shall we clasp hands on Canaan's shore?

Shall we traverse that glorious city,
Where the towers of crystal shine;
"Streets of gold" and "walls of jasper,"
Home of Christ the "Living Vine?"

Shall we hear the ransomed singing,
Heavenly praises to their King,
Till e'en Heaven is filled with music
And the angelic arches ring?

Shall we meet our friends and loved ones,
Torn from us and gone before,
Shall we see their happy faces,
On that bright and heavenly shore?

Yes we may by true repentance,
And through faith in Jesus slain,
Enter the celestial mansions,
And be free from sin and pain.

May we trust in Christ the Saviour,
Through his blood and merit gain
Entrance through the heavenly portal,
And with saints forever reign.

—Machinists & Blacksmiths' Journal.

A HOLIDAY.

One day we left our cares behind,
And trimmed our sails at early morn;
And by the willing western wind
Far o'er the sea was borne.

We left behind the city's din;
We found a world new-made from night;
At every sense there entered in
Some subtle, fresh delight.

The west wind rocked us as we lay
Within the boat, and idly scanned
The dim horizon far away
For some fair, unknown land.

And on and on we drifted thus,
Not caring whither we might roam;
For all the world, that day, to us,
Was Paradise, was home.

And as we sailed, a sweet surprise
Of comfort in the present grew;
We saw old things with clearer eyes,
We dreaded less the new.

The past and future seemed to blend;
Remembrance missed her shadow, grief;
Anticipation was a friend,
And hope became belief.

The strangeness vanished out of life;
Affliction dropped its stern disguise;
And suffering, weariness and strife
Were changed before our eyes.

So, but more clear, from hills of God,
Our life on earth one day shall show;
And the dim path that here we trod
With purest light shall glow.

Too quickly speed the hours away;
The evening brought us home again;
And after that brief holiday
Came toil, and care, and pain.

Yet like a peaceful dream, that long
Will steal into the waking thought,
Or like a well-remembered song,
That happy tears has brought,—

That bright, brief summer holiday,
The willing wind, the sea, the sky,
Gave gifts no winter takes away,
And hopes that cannot die.

—Scribner's

DRESSING FOR CHURCHES.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe very fitly says the following:—

"Very estimable, and, we trust, very religious young women, sometimes enter the house of God in a costume which makes the acts of devotion in the service almost burlesque. When a brisk little creature comes into a pew with her hair frizzled on ends in a most startling manner, rattling strings of beads and bits of tinsel, she may look exceedingly pretty and piquant; and if she came there for a game of croquet or a tableaux party, would be all in very good taste, but as she comes to confess that she is a miserable sinner, that she has done the things she ought not to have done, and left undone the things she ought to have done—as she takes upon her lips these most solemn and tremendous words, whose meaning runs far beyond life into a sublime eternity—there is a discrepancy which would be ludicrous if it were not melancholy."

CHEATING CONSCIENCE.

When Lully, the celebrated composer, was once dangerously ill, his friends sent for a confessor, who, finding his situation critical, and his mind much agitated and alarmed, told him there was only one way by which he could obtain absolution, and was by burning all that he had composed of an unpublished opera. Remonstrance was in vain. Lully burnt his music and the confessor withdrew.

On his recovery, a nobleman who was his patron calling to see him, was informed of the sacrifice which he had made.

"And so," said he, "you have burnt your opera, and you are really such a blockhead as to believe in the absurdities of a monk?"

"Stop my friend, stop," said Lully whispering in his ear, "I knew very well what I was about—I have another copy."

THE BEST FOOD.

DIO LEWIS' NEW BOOK.

John Stebbins is a carpenter, and earns three dollars a day. At his modest home in a neighboring village you may find a bright, tidy little woman, with four as pretty children as you could wish to see. John is a brave, earnest chap, and is generally contented.

Last autumn he was at work upon a high building, and the scaffold gave way. His companion was killed outright, but John caught his hand in the eave-trough, and hung on till they rescued him. Ever since then he has been worrying about life insurance. He dropped in to see me last Sunday, and recurring again to the subject, he declared, "I will get a policy of two thousand dollars, if I have to work nights for it. Suppose I had gone up with poor Ned, what would have become of Jennie and the little ones?"

"Well, John my boy, now I am at liberty, and I will devote a part of this Sunday to telling you how to get rich. I can't think of a more holy occupation than telling you how to provide for your loved ones. John, is your wife a good cook?"

"Tip top, sir. Her mother was the best cook in town."

"Yes; I know all about these best cooks. When I hear that a woman is the best cook in town, I am sure she is the worst."

"John, what do you eat at your house? What did you have for breakfast this morning?"

"We had beefsteak, baked potatoes, buckwheat cakes, bread and butter and coffee."

"White bread?"

"Yes; I always get the best."

"Well, how about your dinner?"

"We had for dinner a small roast of beef, potatoes, turnips, squash, bread and butter and a bit of pie."

"What will you probably have for supper?"

"Can't say; but last night our supper was hot biscuit and butter, with some peach preserves and a cup of tea. We always take a light supper."

"How much money do you save in the course of a year?"

"Not a dollar! I had four hundred dollars when I was married, but to-day not a penny!"

"How much do you receive for your work?"

"About nine hundred dollars a year."

"How much do you think the rent, fuel, gas and clothing cost you?"

"Oh, I know all about it. They cost me about three hundred and seventy-five dollars; and that leaves five hundred and twenty-five dollars for the table, and I tell you, with six of us, it's a tight squeak."

"John, the clothing, rent, gas and fuel are reasonable, but the table expenses may be reduced."

"It can't be done. We must have something to eat."

"If I will tell you how to feed yourself and family for two hundred dollars a year better than you are now fed for five hundred and twenty-five dollars, will you try it?"

"Of course you are joking."

"Not a bit of it. I will tell you how to live better than you are now living; your teeth will be whiter, your breath sweeter, your strength more enduring, your bodies plumper, and your spirits better, for less than two hundred dollars per year, so that you will save, say three hundred and fifty dollars, and be able to take out your insurance policy, and besides, have two hundred dollars a year to spare. In brief it will make you a rich man. Now I will tell you how this is done. I have lived in exactly the way I am about to describe for some time, not because it is economical, but because I like it, and besides, it gives me greater strength and endurance. You have a good head and I need not go into details, but will discuss the subject in a general way."

"White bread, butter and sugar are common articles of food on American tables. They are poor trash, furnishing almost nothing for brain, muscle or bone."

"Oat-meal, cracked wheat and corn are rare on our table. They are strong, fattening foods, and furnish abundant nutriment for brain, muscle and bone."

"Weight and strength obtained from white bread, butter and sugar cost ten times as much money as when obtained from oat-meal, cracked wheat and corn."

"A roast of beef costs thirty cents per pound. It is not thoroughly cooked—the blood oozes from it when it is cut; the ox staggers out of the car, after a journey of a thousand miles, feverish, exhausted, sick; he is killed at once, and soon finds his way to our tables. In that half-cooked condition the flesh is not wholesome. Roasting and broiling leave the meats in a good part unchanged. Boiling and steaming will neutralize even the poison of the genuine cattle disease."

"The French understand the economies of the table. A Frenchman will take one pound of the toughest part of the neck of an ox, worth five cents, and, adding three cents worth of bread and condiments, will make a stew which will give a better dinner to three persons than an American can furnish with roast beef, potatoes, bread, butter and pastry for fifteen times the money. I mean it will be more enjoyable, digestible and nutritious."

"Wheat, oats and corn, cracked, boiled and eaten with a little syrup or milk, are most palatable. They are very strong foods

and astonishingly cheap. I ate for breakfast this morning two ounces of oat meal cooked in water. With this I used a gill of milk. Capital breakfast; and it costs about two cents worth of beef steak in a stew, with bits of bread, and closed the meal with a dish of white Southern corn seasoned with a little syrup. The cost of the meal was not more than four cents, saying nothing of the cooking. As I never eat anything after dinner, the cost of my food for the day is six cents."

"There, John Stebbins, that's the way to do it. You can have an almost infinite variety of food equally good and cheap. It only takes a month, perhaps a week, to learn to enjoy such food."

LOVE MATCHES.

Undoubtedly, no one ought to marry for money; but to marry simply from love without being able, after a careful analysis, to discover a legitimate foundation for it, would be quite as irrational and disastrous as to marry from mere mercenary or social consideration—perhaps, even more so. In matters of such deep moment, there should be a wise interblending of feeling and judgment. Reason, cautious and sure-footed, is too apt to fall in the rear; while passion, reckless and nimble, takes the lead as guide. A premium on the passion is sure to involve a discount on the rational. Love for a man—ardent, soulful love—is certainly one of the most potential of reasons for marrying him; but there may be equally valid reasons why marriage should never take place. A man addicted to habits of public or private dissipation, a man whose temperament clashes one's own, a man who is churlish, undemonstrative and naturally selfish, a man possessing a natural despotic nature, with a native tendency to look down upon a woman as a second-rate order of being, at best—a man who shows no chivalric bearing, no delicate courtesy toward woman, who can speak lightly of female virtue, perpetrate a ruthless joke at the expense of her chastity, and flippantly declare that "the best women are subject to attacks of moral vertigo"—a man who manifest little or no affection for his mother or sister; a man possessing these characteristics, or any one of them, can never make a woman serenely happy. For deliverance from all such, let every true, womanly heart send the litany heavenward!

GREENBACK PAPER.

The method of preparing the peculiar tissue used for currency is as follows: All the paper is made on a sixty-two inch Fourdrinier machine. Short pieces of red silk are mixed with a prepared pulp in the engine, and the finished material is conveyed to the wire without passing through any screens, which might retain the silk threads. By an arrangement above the wire cloth a shower of short pieces of fine blue threads is dropped in streaks upon the paper, while it is forming in the channels. The upper side, on which the blue silk is dropped, is the one used for the face of the notes, and from the manner in which the threads are applied must show more distinctly than the lower or reverse side, although they are embedded deeply enough to remain stationary. An official of the Government is resident near the factory, and has under his charge sufficient force to guard it from intrusion, so that not a scrap or sheet can be purloined for counterfeiting or other purposes. The paper is all expressed under the great seal of the United States, and every sheet is subsequently accounted for. In the same location is the Glen mills, belonging to the same firm, in which is manufactured the greater portion of the music-paper used in this country, the firm having made this a specialty for more than thirty years. The same thing can be mentioned of the celebrated paper-collar paper leaving their hands. From this factory, during the war, came the larger quantity of bank-note and parchment papers for the Government and banks. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Treasurer Spinner for the care exercised in guarding the mills against evil-disposed persons.

MANNERS.

Manners are more important than money. A boy who is polite and pleasant in his manners will always have friends, and will not often make enemies. Good behaviour is essential to prosperity. A boy feels well when he does well. If you wish to make everybody pleasant about you, and gain friends wherever you go, cultivate good manners. Many boys have pleasant manners for company and ugly manners for home.

We visited a small railroad town, not long since, and were met at the depot by a little boy of about eleven or twelve years, who conducted us to the house of his mother, and entertained and cared for us, in the absence of his father, with as much polite attention, and thoughtful care, as the most cultivated gentleman could have done. We said to his mother, before we left her home, "you are greatly blessed in your son. He is so attentive and obliging."

"Yes," she said; "I can always depend on Charley when his father is absent. He is a great help and comfort to me."

She said this as if it did her heart good to acknowledge the cleverness of her son.

The best manners cost so little, and are worth so much that every boy can have them.

EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG.

The race of childhood is extinct. Fashionable and high pressured civilization have destroyed it. We no longer see around us that tribe of joyous, light-hearted little creatures, in whose laughter there was sweetest music, in whose pranks and pastimes there was innocent and healthful amusement. We only see demure and staid young masters and misses, trained to comport themselves in the most exact manner before company, and to regard the promptings of their nature as worthy only of repression and avoidance.

Almost from the moment they are able to toddle on their feet, the children of our middle and upper classes are taught to behave in a constrained and artificial manner. When their inclinations impel them to roll on the green sward or to engage in the industry of making mud pies, they are forced to imitate, as nearly as possible, the gait and comportment of their parents and grandparents. When the gayety of their little hearts prompts them to indulge in outbursts of merriment, they are taught to check the rising laugh and atone for it as though it was a crime.

Then, in a few years, when they become old enough to notice the dress they wear and to pay attention to it, the lessons of vanity and display they receive are really melancholy to contemplate. Creatures of seven, eight or ten years of age are clad in the finest garments, at a cost that would have kept their grandmothers in wardrobe for twelve months. Happily for the boys their dress is such that it cannot be varied to any extent, or made extravagantly expensive; but, unfortunately for them, parental affection can be quite as well exhibited in the trinkets and jewellery with which they may be bedecked. It is not, unusual, nowadays, to see "young gentlemen," who have not yet entered their teens, sporting watches and rings of the finest description, and priding out of them a vast deal more than their elders.

To such an extent is this corrupting of the youthful mind carried, that were it not for the admirable discipline of our public schools and colleges, which is calculated to develop manliness and self-reliance in their noblest forms, our country would be cursed with a race of young men as useless, effete and *blase* as the scions of the aristocracy of England. Of course, the moral of our democratic institutions, which declares that an individual must be judged according to his intrinsic worth, and not according to his wealth and social station, is a powerful corrective of the quasi-aristocratic notions inculcated in early life, but it is the rough-and-tumble training of the colleges that gives them the first shock.

For the girls, however, there is no such wholesome schooling. The instructions they receive in the most pretentious seminaries is little more than an extension of their previous nursery training. They are taught superficial accomplishments, which can rarely be of use to them in after life, and which are not even of much practical benefit in developing their minds. The young lady is taught to paint, but in such a way that it would require an art critic to determine whether the object on her easel is a cow or a rosebud. She is taught music—that is to say, she practices her fingers daily in running over the keys of a pianoforte at railway speed, careless, meanwhile, whether the sounds evoked are harmonious or not. Of the minor accomplishments it is unnecessary to speak; they are two trivial to be worth noticing.

Her schooling over, the young lady is brought out in the world, utterly ignorant of those things which would fit her to perform her duties as a wife and a mother. After whirling round for a season or two in the vortex of fashionable dissipation, she captivates some young man, who, blinded by her loveliness, only sees her attractions and never notices her deficiencies.

If a union thus formed ends in the divorce court, or in angry separation, where is the cause for wonder? And there are numberless instances where neither divorce nor separation takes place, in which an incalculable amount of domestic unhappiness is endured. The wife's extravagance is not unfrequently the cause of the husband's ruin financially and socially, simply because she will not consent to dress according to her purse, but will keep up a foolish rivalry with women possessed of twice or three times her annual income.

It is only a few days ago since we saw in an Eastern paper a paragraph referring to a prominent Congressman, who acknowledged, to a friend that his only reason for accepting the back-pay deal was the fact that he had been brought to the verge of bankruptcy and destruction by the extravagance of his wife. If the whole truth were known, too, we believe it would be found that many of the great official defalcations which dishonor our country are owing precisely to the same cause. We by no means intend to convey the idea that men are not also to blame. Too often they contract habits and associations which entail disgrace and ruin as a natural consequence. Yet domestic infelicity is, in a great proportion of cases, the provocation to such conduct. Thus it is that almost from their very cradles our girls are trained to be more of an infliction than a blessing. The noblest impulses of their nature are remorselessly cut, pruned, and trimmed to satisfy the requirements of insatiable fashion.

There are, of course, numerous exceptions. There are girls whose innate good sense and

amiable disposition no amount of pernicious training is able to destroy, and they make the life-long happiness of men who are so fortunate as to secure them as partners. But numerous though they be, they are after all only exceptions, and are in a minority among their sex. The sole remedy for the evils attaching to this state of things is to reform the system of training the young *ad initio*, and the first step toward effecting the improvement must be taken by fathers and mothers by setting an example of economy, industry and social amiability. When these have the moral courage to set fashion at naught and dress their children according to their means, the beginning of the reform movement will be made.

A CHAPTER ON MANNERS.

It is a sign of bad manners to look over the shoulder of a person who is writing to see what is written. It is bad manners to spit on the floor or carpet, or to spit at meals, and yet many people who think they are genteel do it. If you must spit at meals, get up and go out. Children ought to be taught at school that spitting is mere habit. It is the height of bad manners to blow one's nose with the fingers in the street or in company; use your handkerchief, and if you have none, borrow one. It is bad manners for a man to walk the streets with a female, and at the same time smoke a cigar or pipe.

It is bad manners to occupy a seat while other people stand around without a seat. It is bad manners to walk between the company in a room and the fire. It is bad manners to go into any person's house without taking off your hat. It is bad manners to use profane language in the presence of decent company. It is bad manners to use your own knife at meals in cutting off a piece of meat or to use it on the butter-dish—get a clean knife. It is bad manners to go into any person's house with mud or dirt on your shoes.

It is bad manners to talk in company when others are talking, or to talk or whisper in church. It is bad manners to talk in company to one or two persons about some subject which the others present do not understand. It is bad manners to stare at strangers in company or in the street. It is bad manners to say "Yes" or "No" to a stranger, or to your parents or to aged people—let it be "Yes, sir," and "No, sir." It is bad manners to pick your teeth at the table, and bad manners to pick them with a pin in any company.

It is bad manners to comb your hair or brush your coat in the eating-room. It is a sign of bad manners to rudely jostle those sitting or standing near you, particularly if they are strangers. It is a sign of low breeding to make a display of your finery or equipage. It is bad manners to boast of your wealth or prosperity, or good fortune in the presence of the poor or those less fortunate than you are. It is vulgar to talk much about yourself, and it is very low and vulgar to lie. It is bad manners to stand with your side to or turn away your face from the person you are talking to—look them in the face. It is bad manners to walk into a private house with a lighted cigar in your mouth. It is bad manners to stand in the middle of the pavement when people are passing, or to make remarks about those who pass. It is bad manners to cough or sneeze at meals without turning your face away from the table.

THE FOUNDATION OF FRIENDSHIP.

In the matter of friendship, I have observed that disappointment arises chiefly, not from liking our friends too well, or thinking of them too highly, but rather from an over estimate of their liking for and opinion of us, and that if we guard ourselves with sufficient scrupulousness of care from error in this direction, and can be content, and even happy, to give more than we receive—can make just comparison of circumstances, and be severely accurate in drawing inferences, and never let self-love blind our eyes—then I think we may manage to get through life with consistency and constancy, unembittered by that misanthropy which springs from revulsion of feeling. The moral is, that if we would build upon a sure foundation of friendship, we must love our friends for their sakes rather than our own.

TO-DAY'S EVIL.

Slang is the peculiarity of the time; the very air is redolent with it, and we, as Americans, are apt to enjoy some unusually brilliant specimens of lingual contortion. It is easier to tell a man not to get excited, than to entreat him not to "get himself into a cast-iron sweat"—yet many prefer the latter phrase. Again, if men of this class wish to state the fact that a certain person went away angry, they will say that he "walked off on his ear," a gymnastic feat which we have yet to see accomplished. "You can't most always, tell what you least most expect," is a beautiful phrase in common use. Men no longer give a man's black eye's personal combat, but they "put a head on him," "put a shanty over his eye," or "put on a mansard"—a wholly unnecessary performance, to say the least, as one head ought to be enough, and "shanties" or "mansards" would be cumbersome. In a word, it is the delight of the Yankee nation to deal in idioms. Whether it will not in the end tend to break up the language, it is impossible to say; but really it is hard to discover, under the load of slang, the language that some men are speaking. And women sometimes indulge in the use of slang! Also for the refining influence of the sex in such cases!